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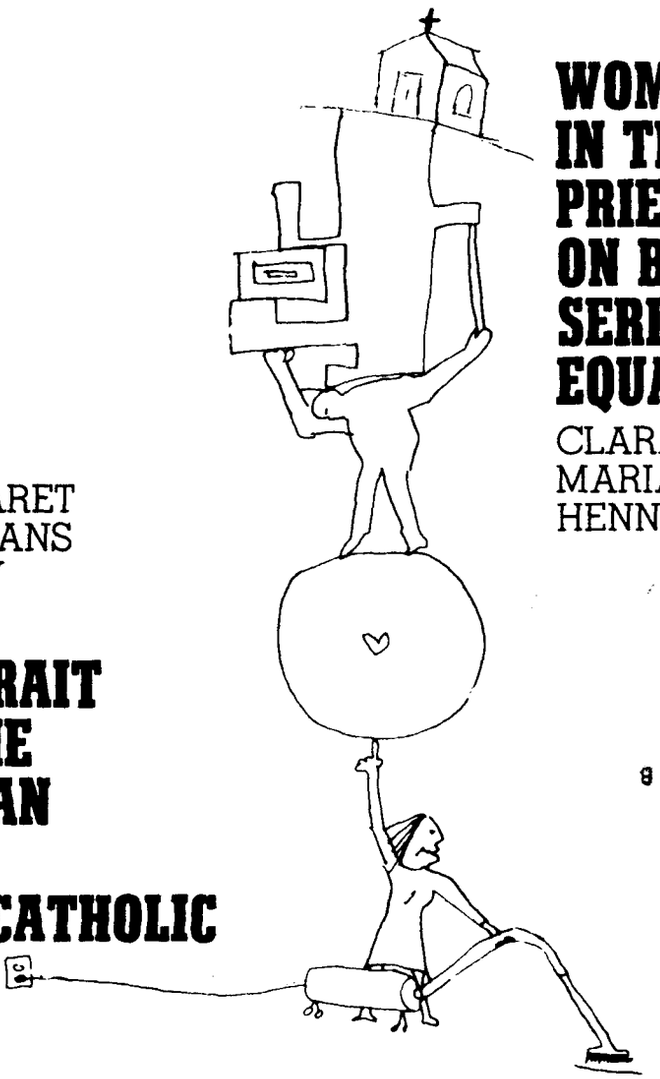

WOMEN IN THE PRIESTHOOD: ON BEING SERIOUS ABOUT EQUAL RIGHTS

CLARA MARIA HENNING

MARGARET LANGHANS LUSKEY

A PORTRAIT OF THE WOMAN AS A GIRL CATHOLIC

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ECUADOR: UP FROM BANANAS
AGOSTINO BONO

PERSPECTIVES ON THE PRESIDENCY
JAMES MacGREGOR BURNS

THE COUNTRY THAT WASN'T THERE
MICHAEL NOVAK

ALL IN THE FAMILY
COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

ALSO: SISYPHUS, JOHN DRUSKA, CLAIRE HAHN, JACK RIEMER, ALMA ROBERTS GIORDAN

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NEWS & VIEWS

A Watergate Ordo

Does an item in *Newsweek's* Periscope section for Dec. 24 clue to the strong Georgetown Law School representation (Sam Dash *et al.*) among the Watergate prosecutors? Or some subliminal religious/cultural influence at work? Or nothing? You decide.

The item:

"With three federal grand juries to keep track of, the Watergate prosecutors are using code names, keyed to the month they were empaneled. The first, set up in mid-1972, is 'Bastille' (for July 14, Bastille Day); the second, formed this August, is 'Assumption' (the feast day of the Assumption is Aug. 15); the newest, to be formed in January is 'Epiphany' (Jan. 6 is the feast day of the Magi)."

The Faith in 'Exile'

Particularly interesting in *Overview's* year-end roundup of things ecclesiastical is the report from Poland. It declares Catholicism to be vibrant "in spite of 28 years of Communist rule," and quips, "If religion is the opium of the people, then 90 percent of the Poles are on a permanent trip."

"The church is thriving as never before," says the correspondent for the Chicago newsletter. "In 1972 there were 604 ordinations; that is 124 more than in 1971. Within the same period, the number of theology students has risen from 4,088 to 4,130 and novices in religious orders from 390 to 474. In Poland there is no priest shortage, but rather a church shortage for the many priests."

"What makes the phenomenon especially remarkable," *Overview* adds, "is the fact that Polish Catholicism shows relatively few signs of renewal since Vatican II. The church under Cardinal Stefan Wyszynski is overwhelmingly authoritarian, pietistic, traditionalist and, above all, chauvinistic."

The report continues:

"To understand this, one must know Polish history. More than any other force, it is the church that has held the Polish people together through more than a thousand years of turbulent history. It was the church that preserved Polish identity through two world wars and prior to World War I, when Poland didn't even exist on the map. In Poland there is no identity crisis. For the Poles, the church is their very soul."

Some observers apparently count among Poland's blessings the fact that "sweeping changes" have not taken place in the church there. As one priest put it: "A too-radical departure from traditionalism would inevitably alienate large masses of Polish Catholics."

Preparing the Way

News stories concerning Evelyn Waugh's forthcoming diaries have only scratched the surface of sensationalism, according to *Boston Globe* correspondent Richard Burgin. Says he, the diaries are "devastating."

So devastating, in fact, that Waugh's apologists have launched a campaign of explanation and defense.

They've got their work cut out for themselves, obviously. The diaries are a graphic account of self and commentary on the lives and erotes of Britain's literary and political establishment for the past 40 years. Any number of exalted personalities, living and dead, stand in danger of being uncloseted.

Father Philip Caraman, a long-time associate of Waugh, brought the cushioning campaign recently to Boston College, where he told his audience to be prepared for shocks, but not to be thrown by them. "Many things can be forgiven when you're a great artist," he remarked.

Caraman is distressed, painfully so, that the diaries are being published. The diaries were discovered by British critic Cyril Connolly, while he was going over Waugh's papers at the University of Texas. (Reportedly Connolly was so offended by unflattering references to him that he abandoned his book on Waugh's career.) But Caraman fingers one Mr. Peters, Waugh's literary agent, as the principal culprit in the diaries' publication.

Peters, according to Caraman, "in his dotage" persuaded Waugh's allegedly unsuspecting widow to let the diaries be published, sight unseen. Now, mused Caraman, it's too late to stop them.

Don't hold your breath 'til the diaries appear however. Little, Brown & Co., Waugh's American publisher, signed the contract for them only a few weeks ago. They won't be in book form until late 1975. The tentative title is as straight-on as apparently is the text: *The Diaries of Evelyn Waugh.*

Renault,
McClatchy Newspapers,
Cal.

"In any organization, the man at the top must bear the responsibiliy."—Presiden Nixon, April 30, 1973.

Odds and Ends

—A mid-December "Support President Nixon" rally in San Diego, home-turf for Republicans, was expected to attract 1,500 persons at $10 a head. It drew 75.

—Nixon's shifting of authority to set radiation standards for individual nuclear power plants from the Environmental Protection Agency to the Atomic Energy Commission brought an apt evaluation from MIT nuclear physicist Henry W. Kendall: it's like "having the goat guard the cabbages."

—In their recent pastoral on the Virgin Mary, the U.S. bishops acknowledged that Catholic devotion to Mary "has been a sharp point of difference with other Christians of the West," and they asked "our *brothers* in other Christian churches to reexamine with us Mary's place in our common *patrimony*." The passage evoked from New York Jesuit Joe O'Rourke the comment that "their *sisters* in other Christian churches are asking about their place in our common *matrimony*." Touché.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Missing Link

Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

To the Editors: Regarding the statement on Abortion made by the Non-Sectarian Committee for Life, Inc., on the back of your November 23, 1973 issue.

A variety of opinions may be held concerning the necessity and/or morality of abortion but surely it is beyond human dignity to express a belief that abortion on demand "pollutes human dignity" (as if the demands are usually for frivolous rather than serious reasons), reduces woman to "man's plaything" etc., and then to state: "It mocks the continuity of life that links MAN through HIS sexuality to HIS FATHERS before HIM and joins HIM through HIS children to the future"!

If this is the meaning our moral benefactors attach to a woman's child I ask just who it is who makes of us his "plaything"? LOUISE L. NOLLET

Baton Rouge, La.

To the Editors: Regarding the back cover of the November 23, 1973 issue—it's hard to know whether to have a good laugh or a good cry!

Realizing that you are probably not responsible for the wording of your accepted advertising, I still think it important to draw to the attention of your readers the strange logic and blatant sexism involved in this statement.

Apparently a woman, having been used as a plaything by a man, is a plaything ultimately only if she has an abortion but *not* if she bears the child (I suppose for having taken her punishment "like a man").

But this is a trivial criticism compared to the wording of the second paragraph:

"*man* through *his sexuality* to *his fathers* before *him* and joins *him* through *his* children . . . This is possibly the most sexist (literally and figuratively) statement I've ever read!

Its author, blind and proud of it no

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DOWN TO SIZE?

Does the power now residing in the Presidency need to be curbed? These days, asking that question may seem like asking if the sun gives heat, for the indelible marks of Presidential arrogance are all around us. Burglary, espionage, wire-tapping, the suborning of the FBI and the CIA, shady dealings with campaign contributions, the bombing in Cambodia, carried out quite illegally and completely without the knowledge of Congress—examples of White House wrong-doing could go on and on. Yet these and other evidences of Presidential *machismo* are justified by official spokesmen and Administration apologists with the claim that there is some power inherent in the Presidency that lets the occupant of the Oval office do just about anything he wishes. On this point, at least, Richard M. Caesar sees eye to eye with his predecessor, Lyndon B. Caesar. No wonder there is a rising sentiment that such overblown notions of Presidential power need to be curbed, if the cause of freedom in this country is to be preserved—a topic cogently discussed elsewhere in this issue by James MacGregor Burns.

It is not easy to say just how what Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. calls the imperial Presidency expanded to its present awesome proportions. Most Chief Executives probably have or soon develop a highly exaggerated sense of their own personal importance, but, although this fact undoubtedly makes a difference, the problem is more one of the institution itself than the personality of the officeholder. Since World War II, American power has exploded at an extraordinary rate, with U.S. military bases, troops, diplomatic and trade personnel scattered generously around the globe. All this has plunged this country hip-deep into the affairs of other nations, so much so that governments cannot fall any place in the world without arousing the suspicion—sometimes well-founded—of U.S. intervention. On the domestic front, Congress has over the years abdicated much of its responsibility, and the healthy desire for social reform, which the editors share, has helped to produce a call for "strong" Presidents able to provide effective leadership for badly needed change. Perhaps more than anything else, though, the existence of nuclear weapons has altered the whole dimension of the Presi-

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dency. The man in the White House can open his little black Pandora's box, push a button and literally destroy the world, and this dread fact has changed the very nature of the office. Taken all together, the net result of these factors has been a Presidency that many observers say is swollen beyond belief, largely out of touch with Congress and the people, and unresponsive to efforts from outside for restraint.

It was with this situation in mind that Senator Walter F. Mondale of Minnesota some weeks ago made his proposal for the creation of a national commission to study ways of creating a "life size" Presidency. The Watergate scandal, Senator Mondale said, was the consequence of a long trend toward a Presidency "larger than life and larger than the law." Himself an increasingly active potential Presidential candidate, Senator Mondale at the same time warned that the nation should resist the Watergate-inspired temptation to emasculate the Presidency—a warning that James MacGregor Burns would probably echo. "While we need reform," Senator Mondale said, "we do not need retribution."

For his part, Senator Mondale would require Senate confirmation of all key officers around the President, such as the powerful director of the Office of Management and Budget. Copying a feature of the British parliamentary system, he would have regular question-and-answer sessions in the Senate for Cabinet members. He would restrain the President by law from impounding appropriated funds, the method by which Mr. Nixon has so successfully frustrated the will of Congress, and he would forbid the substitution of executive agreements for treaties that are subject to Senate ratification. He would, very importantly, prohibit the President from deploying armed forces in combat without the express authorization of Congress, and he would ensure that such agencies as the FBI, CIA and Internal Revenue Service could not be used for partisan purposes by any President.

Other suggestions to reform the Presidency came recently from a week-long Constitutional conference held at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions at Santa Barbara. Among the proposals was a Constitutional amendment to create the post of an independent "counselor general," the purpose of which would be to check abuses of Presidential power. As the assembled scholars and experts visualized the matter, the presence of an officer specifically empowered to receive complaints about the President would reassure the public and civil servants who now feel they have nowhere to go with such complaints. "What has happened," said Mortimer Adler, "is the rise of a larger and larger White House Mafia totally loyal to the President and not representative of the people. . . . It is not that the President is a monarch but that the Presidency has been allowed to be endowed with powers that are in a sense lawless."

The proposals made at Santa Barbara included some that Mr. Burns might consider "gimmicks": a one-term Presidency of six years with a vote of confidence after three years; election of two Presidents, one of them to handle ceremonial duties; replacement of the impeachment procedure with a public vote of confidence or no confidence modeled after the British system. All participants saw the problem of Presidential power as crucial. As it was put by Alva Myrdal, Swedish cabinet minister in charge of disarmament: "The whole world is dependent on the trustworthiness of the American Presidency, particularly with regard to nuclear power. . . . What are we going to do to make him acceptable to the rest of the world whose destiny he plays with so much of the time?"

According to Senator Mondale's reading of national sentiment, the public wants an end to illegal bombing overseas, to spying and espionage, to illicit political contributions and all the rest of it. What is needed now, he says, is a "working concept of the Presidency which is strong, yet legal; capable of leading, but without dictating." We agree, heartily, and even though the country is a little tired of national commissions, we would favor his idea of one to study the Presidency. With Gerald Ford safely in the line of succession, impeachment or resignation is not at all impossible for Richard Nixon; in any case it is not too early to begin trimming the office down to size for the next President, whether his name is Ford or not.

Ecuador: Up From Bananas

Sometime between January and April of 1973, Ecuador ceased being a banana republic. During that period oil surpassed bananas as the nation's chief export, something Ecuadorians hope marks a new era of shrewder international dealings. Besides wanting to overcome the bad connotations of the banana republic image, Ecuador is trying to insure that a lion's share of the oil income benefits the country.

Along with the other oil-rich countries of Latin America, Ecuador is developing a nationalistic policy at a time when the world energy crisis is weakening the hand of foreign companies and the heavily oil-dependent developed world. Except for Venezuela, Latin nations are newcomers in the oil-exporting business. Major interest centers on the Amazon jungle regions of Ecuador, Peru and Colombia. The potential there could turn the nations into future Venezuelas, making them attractive to developed nations seeking to diversify their suppliers. In 1975 Latin oil exports will reach about 4,500,000 barrels per day wth Venezuela accounting for 4,000,000.

To help solidify their position, 22 nations met in Lima, Peru last November to form the Latin-American Energy

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Organization (OLADE). One of OLADE's main tasks will be establishing a minimum regional policy for dealing with foreign companies. It also hopes to establish a standard price for crude exports. Following OLADE's lead, eight state oil companies reached preliminary agreement to establish a joint oil and gas marketing operation. Currently, crude prices are set by the individual nations with most topping $7 per barrel. Bolivia has the highest rate at $7.44.

Formation of OLADE is expected to give Latin nations greater political punch in dealing with the world oil community. However, OLADE differs from the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC), uniting the world's major exporters, mostly Arab nations. OLADE is interested in all energy resources and contains nations which will never become oil exporters, leading to speculation that a double price standard may have to be set up for members and non-members in order to avoid trouble in the ranks. Currently, only five members are exporters.

OLADE crystallizes the approach being developed in the different nations of tightening regulations for foreign companies and insuring a greater share of income for the domestic economy. Latins justify the squeeze play by citing the constantly higher prices the underdeveloped world has to pay for imported manufactured goods made with their raw materials. Now that oil is at a premium, Latins find themselves holding a heavy trump card and think it is about time they started calling the tune. Latins still have to deal with foreign interests because they lack the initial capital and technical ability to develop their own resources.

The growing nationalism is evidenced by the abandonment of concession contracts by which foreign companies buy mineral rights in a given tract of land. Service contracts are being developed as the replacement. These stipulate that foreign companies come in as employees of the state to explore and develop oil resources for a percentage, in cash or kind, of the oil pumped.

Service contracts are more in keeping with Latin law reserving all subsoil rights for the state. In the past, concession contracts have led to de facto private control of subsoil rights.

In October, Ecuador ended concession contracts. It offers either service or associate deals. Terms are practically similar for both and give an indication of how Latins are tightening the reins. Under both contracts, the state determines what percentage of oil income is to be paid to the company. In most cases the state retains from 76 percent to 80 percent. Companies have to pay Ecuadorian taxes on their earnings and must reinvest 10 percent of post-tax profits in the country. Firms signing associate contracts also have to pay a minimum 12½ percent royalty on daily production. Under associate terms, foreign firms form a loose partnership with the state oil company. Both contracts are for limited periods, usually 25 years with an option to renew for 10 years. The state sets the export price which already tops $7 per barrel.

Ecuadorian policy is based on the Venezuelan approach of continually squeezing more money from foreign firms rather than directly nationalizing. Venezuela has been in the oil business for over 50 years. At first, little of the money generated was left in the country. Venezuela contented itself with modest royalties and taxes.

President Rafael Caldera likened the situation to "the old tale of the trinkets" by which national riches were given away for crumbs. Under Caldera, Venezuela has followed a nationalistic policy which has ended the concession system and declared that foreign-held concessions will revert to the state once contracts begin expiring in 1983. Along with the concessions, the state will get the equipment and capital goods that form part of the oil-producing complex. This boils down to a de facto nationalization. By 1984, 75 percent of the concessions will be in Venezuelan hands. By then the state believes it will have developed the technical ability to run the operations.

Venezuela has not been sleeping in the meantime. It has gradually increased its share of oil income under the concession contracts in force until it now receives over 80 percent, with the companies having to pay taxes on their share. Under the new service contracts being signed, Venezuela keeps at least 85 percent of the oil income.

Earlier in 1973, Venezuela announced it would review its oil price on a month-to-month basis. Although the price has not been upped each month, it reached $7.24 on Nov. 1. During the first half of the year the price was $3.37.

For Venezuela, getting a huge share of the income is exceedingly important because oil is the prime moneymaker. It represents 20 percent of the national economy, 70 percent of the tax revenues and over 90 percent of the exports. Without the huge state intake, oil would generate little for the country, with most of the money going abroad. Even in terms of employment, only 0.5 percent of the active population works in the oil industry.

The same will be the case in Ecuador once it becomes a major exporter. In 1975 it will be exporting 220,000 barrels per day. Recently it was granted full OPEC membership.

In relation to Venezuelan and Ecuadorian policies, Peru is regarded as liberal. Its service contracts allow foreign firms to retain 43 percent to 50 percent with the contracts running to 35 years. The main innovation of the Peruvian system is that it pays the companies in oil rather than cash. Payment is also tax-free. Peru justifies paying off in oil because it feels that foreign firms have enough legal and accounting maneuvers to get around tax laws.

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However, Peru may be planning its own squeeze play. In August it announced that jungle contracts would no longer be signed with foreign companies, leaving the remaining huge areas to the state oil company. This could well be a tactic to justify tougher conditions in the future.

Peru's initial liberal concessions were conditioned in that it is still an oil importer and will continue to be so for several years. Exploratory jungle drilling did not begin until last year. Several more years will be needed before Peru's production is significantly increased. Once it is, Peru can be expected to follow the growing nationalism of its neighbors.

AGOSTINO BONO

(*Agostino Bono writes frequently on Latin American affairs for U.S. publications.*)

WASHINGTON REPORT

AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT

"If wishes were horses, beggars might ride;
if turnips were watches, I'd wear one by
my side."

Beware of Greeks bearing gifts, goes the hoary admonition, and Sisyphus' goods should be no exception. He is a bit late this year doing his holiday shopping and making his New Year's wishes. This and gasoline shortages and the abbreviated publishing schedule of *Commonweal* during the holidays compounded the delay.

For some, Sisyphus has gifts; for others, New Year's wishes. All are meant, in their way, to be helpful—if not to the individual involved, then, at least, for the common-weal:

John V. Lindsay—a copy of *Elsewhere, Perhaps.*

Abe Beame—bugle lessons.

Nelson Rockefeller—a copy of *Forever Amber.*

Richard Nixon—a copy of *How to Avoid Probate.*

Gerald Ford—a copy of *Unsafe at Any Speed.*

George McGovern—a copy of *Once is Not Enough.*

Frank Rizzo—a crown of feathers.

Ralph Nader—The Noble Prize.

Joseph Alsop—more crises.

Evans & Novak—a history of the world since 1953.

Sally Quinn—a nail clipper.

"Dear Abby"—a bigger waste-basket.

New York City—a good afternoon newspaper.

Washington Bureau, *New York Times*—a front-office truce.

FCC Chairman Dean Burch—a crystal set.

Nicholas von Hoffman—a stretch at *The National Review.*

William Buckley—a stretch at *The Rolling Stone.*

Senator Buckley—a liberal hour.

Father Drinan—better committee assignments.

Edmund Muskie—lessons from Leo Durocher.

Senators Stevens and Gravel—a baked Alaska.

Barry Goldwater and Barry Goldwater, Jr.—each other.

Senator Jim Allen of Alabama—nothing (Richard Nixon's given him everything).

Washington—a Congress.

House Speaker Carl Albert—a successor.

Anna Chenault—a flying tiger.

Pat Nixon—a copy of *How to Live Alone and Like it.*

Jacqueline Kennedy—privacy.

Billy Graham—a portable pew.

Mr. Chief Justice Burger—a complete set of the papers of Earl Warren.

Mr. Justice Rehnquist—a sabbatical at the World Court.

George Meany—his first day on a picket-line.

Golda Meir—a loan from the World Bank.

Anwar Sadat—a copy of *I Never Danced at the White House.*

Henry Kissinger—a copy of *Travels through Jewish America.*

Linda Lovelace—a copy of *The Joy of Sex.*

Hugh Hefner—a copy of *Other Men's Daughters.*

Andy Warhol—a copy of *Real Lace.*

Barbara Howar—a copy of *Upstairs at the White House.*

Jean Dixon—new entrails.

Joe Namath—legs to pass on.

Alex Webster—a copy of *The Defense Never Rests.*

Howard Cosell—a copy of *Through A Looking Glass—Darkly.*

Gov. John Love—an introduction to President Nixon.

Rose Mary Woods—calisthenics lessons.

Bob Haldeman—a copy of the 1974 *Information Please Almanac.*

Spiro Agnew—30 pieces of silver.

John Ehrlichman—a copy of *Johnny, We Hardly Knew Ye.*

Ron Ziegler—freedom from speech.

William Calley—a copy of *The Day of the Jackal.*

Commonweal—more readers.

Sisyphus—smaller boulders.

SISYPHUS

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THE COUNTRY THAT WASN'T THERE

MICHAEL NOVAK

Writing in the January *Playboy*, Garry Wills has added his voice to those who recognize the collapse of the traditional vision of America. He writes under the title, "The Country That Wasn't There," and he argues that in the sixties many different groups went in search of identity and fulfillment—and watched the country disintegrate before their eyes, their hopes for self-exaltation disappearing like smoke.

For some time, Wills has been making the point that politics is not religion. Electoral politics is *procedural*, not substantive. In the last chapter of *The Experience of Nothingness*, my theme, too, was the ultimate emptiness and illusoriness of politics. But the other side of that theme is that human beings are symbolic animals, concrete, incarnate. We are condemned to dealing with symbols and institutions that ultimately do not support our aspirations. "Condemned," indeed, is too rhetorical and pejorative a verb: rather, our fleshiness is our nature, our privilege, our destiny. Illusory as it is, politics is flesh of our flesh. We are political animals.

I am in agreement with Wills about the illusions; I do not think he takes seriously enough the necessities of our weakness. He desires, it seems, a more perfect world than we have. That is the secret to the way he floats above real politics and real constituencies. Is Wills a conservative, or a radical? In which respects? He is—and it is a valuable position for a social critic—a romantic. His "underground" is a disincarnate cloud.

One embarrassment to many intellectual commentators is the actual face of the American people. Many recoil in disgust, and cease to observe carefully, let alone sympathetically. Like Wills, many have a most confused and undifferentiated view of "Middle America." Wills identifies Middle America with the "ethnics," and claims that this constituency was duck soup for President Nixon. This vision is both imprecise and damaging to the nation.

The Slavic vote in 1972 was 52 percent for George McGovern. The vote of the large concentrations of Catholics in the Northeastern and North Central cities remained 9 percent above the national average of those who supported McGovern. Nixon swept 68 percent of the Protestant vote. *That* is the "Middle America" that is Nixon's. The success of Democratic Senators, Governors, and Congressmen in 1972 seems to indicate that the 53 percent of Catholic voters who voted for Nixon did not so much vote *for* Nixon as *against* McGovern —almost any other Democratic Presidential candidate would have held a higher proportion of Catholics in the Democratic column.

When a Democratic Presidential candidate wins, it is not the *Parousia*. The difference is only marginal. But in the world of flesh and politics, margins are all we are wise to hope for. In every year of the Nixon Administration, 100,000 persons over the age of 65 have fallen back below the poverty line. It would have been worth electing a Democrat simply to safeguard the economic well-being of those 100,000 every year for the past five years.

It is true that "ethnic" Americans (limiting "ethnic" here to Southern and Eastern Europeans and the Irish) include Frank Sinatra, Mayor Rizzo, Ralph Perk, and Richard J. Daley. They do not include Archie Bunker, who is British-American.

The "new ethnicity" which increasing numbers of scholars, commentators, political leaders, and social planners are taking seriously has a far more potent agenda than Wills yet grasps (though he's getting warmer). It is *not* a movement aimed solely at overcoming exclusion, symbolic and real ("Let us in!"). It is *not* a movement aimed at turning back the clock ("Let us *regain* our Irishness, our Italianness, etc."). It is a movement with a new vision for the whole of America.

Under the myth of the melting pot, America was, as Wills puts it, "a country that wasn't there." Edward Marciniak and Russ Barta have just completed a study of the 106 largest corporations in the Chicago area. (The Institute of Urban Life, 820 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 60611.) There are 1341 directors of those corporations. Of these, 0.4 percent are black; 0.1 percent are Latins; 0.3 percent are Poles; 1.9 percent are Italians. These four groups comprise 34 percent of the Chicago metropolitan population. (Of the 1355 top officers of these same corporations, 0.1 percent are black; 0.1 percent are Latin; 0.7 percent are Poles; 2.9 percent are Italians). This same exclusion appears to be visible in other cities, in private foundations, at universities, and in other major institutions.

There is legitimate anger among Slavs and Italians, especially when they are accused of keeping blacks *out*. They are not *in* themselves.

But the political vision of the new ethnicity is not so short-sighted that it simply wants "white ethnics" included in—more of them on television, more on boards of directors, more in positions of decision-making power in universities, corporations, foundations and the rest.

What the nation most deeply needs is a new mythos, a new rationale, a new way of conceiving of itself. Such a symbolic achievement would not be "merely" symbolic; its real effects are incalculable for morale, for policy,

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WOMEN IN THE PRIESTHOOD

CLARA MARIA HENNING

On being serious about equal rights

The twentieth century is slowly coming to an end and with it a new era is unfolding, but little girls are still not allowed to be servers at Mass. Middle-aged housewives are still refused the privilege of preaching in churches. Mothers of seven-year-olds are treated like seven-year-olds themselves. Young women who request admission to the theology program of a local seminary do not even receive a reply. Female diplomats are refused recognition by the Vatican. The favorable conclusions of our most competent theologians regarding the admissibility of women to holy orders are studiously ignored by Rome. And men who join women in their struggle toward equality are classified as deviant or as ignorant about the glorious traditions of our Church.

How much longer? How much longer can we allow man-made institutions to cripple the ambitions of half the Church membership?

It is often suggested that the Church's attitude toward women will change once the present generation of leaders is replaced by younger men. Our leaders are in their seventies, and we should reflect whether those now in their sixties will be of a different mind on this issue, or those now in their fifties? Those in their forties or thirties? Personal observations force me to conclude that all conjectures along these lines are naive at best.

Have enough priests in their thirties, forties, fifties, and sixties—our future bishops, cardinals, popes—really exhibited attitudes that would allow anyone to be convinced of a brighter future for women in the Church within the next fifty years? Our priests are the products of Catholic institutions from grammar school through seminary, and I wonder if we really ever looked honestly at these institutions in terms of the influence they have, not alone on our lives today but also those of our descendants.

Hundreds of generations have over hundreds of years allowed the Church to ossify into a system designed for the programming and selection of men who are inclined to feel that the most sacred functions within the Church, including any position of power, are the preserve of males. Unless these basic institutions are integrated as to sex and life-style of faculty and student body, there is no reason to believe that the Church will ever change in any of its essential attitudes. The institutions produce men whose concern are men and whose timescale ends with the now or at most their retirement years, but not the future as it affects an underprivileged group or even future generations!

In my more desperate moments,, I recall a canon law convention I attended. The question of women in the Catholic priesthood was on the agenda, and in all fairness, it received an intelligent discussion. A strong resolution in its favor was eventually voted down, but the entire assembly had nonetheless exhibited a good understanding of the problem. How very little, however, the 400 priests in attendance had made the possibility of women in the priesthood part of their vision for a future Church impressed itself upon me during discussions the next day involving tribunal procedure and seminaries.

A speaker pointed out that the advocates and judges in ecclesiastical courts are required to ask questions of female petitioners that prove simply too embarrassing, especially since advocates and judges inevitably are males. It was only with an admirable effort at self-re-

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straint that I did not point out to the convention that in a few years, if the expressed comments of the day before were to be believed, women ministers would join tribunals; the arguments regarding the inappropriateness of male interrogators would have been negated somewhat by this development. (By no means is this a defense of those horrid procedures.)

Later that same day, the future of canon law instruction in seminaries came up. We were debating this subject in terms of a twenty-year timetable, but reference was made only to "the men studying in seminaries," "selecting students from among older men in parishes," and "men teaching in seminaries." The echoes of their declarations of sympathy (if not love) had hardly died, but once more not one of the supposedly visionary thinkers conceived of women seminarians or women canon law professors.

The Future

To one who enjoys weekly excursions into our universe on the Starship "Enterprise," experiences like those above are accumulatively destructive. No one has the future at heart! To one who believes that already one female bishop could turn the Church onto a new, unchartered course—from political expediency to compassion and service—such reflections must either lead to monumental depressions or persuade toward revolutionary ideals. I am happy to admit that I have a natural predisposition toward the latter, a blessing which was reinforced every time I looked about me in canon law school. It was at canon law school that I realized each day anew that not in my lifetime will the Catholic Church freely and of its own accord permit women to hold positions of influence that could in any way decide the future of the Church.

Hopes cherished by free-thinking men and women of seeing women in the priesthood are simply unrealistic at the present pace of development. Efforts toward that end which include participation in parish councils, speaking to priest's senates, or sending enlightening literature to bishops are very sweet but too low-profiled. Perhaps they will even bear fruit, but not in anyone's lifetime. Many generations will be born and will die before the Roman Catholic Church will have been convinced by such methods.

I am tormented by the thought that many centuries from now a female of our species will have to sit down and write a thesis on sex discrimination. And yet, I fear that even my verbalized conviction that the Church can be taught to appreciate women is founded on utopian optimism. I suspect that we may have to live with our innate leanings towards groups for evermore. Group identity has been a prime factor of survival and indeed species evolution. They have a bushy tail and we do not, so let us gather our young and defend the cave against the intruders. Unfortunately, this primeval behavior is still too operative in our psyches, and very unfortunately it seems to be part of the interactions between the sexes.

I read Lionel Tiger's *Men in Groups* while in school. I had by then spent almost three years among priests, and Tiger's thesis that men just delighted in the company of other men hit home dramatically. At the danger of depicting the group of priests who were my fellow students as archetypical of the world's male population, (as much as this may be justified, I do not want to make them even more conceited than they already are), this amateur anthropologist is able to report that the thesis was proved beyond dispute. Every man there loved being among the other men. They found each other's company inspiring, but except for one shining light among them, they found my presence alien. I was the bushy-tailed animal that had invaded their cave. Rarely did the men at school seem to accept the fact that I shared their own concerns as a human being: writing papers, giving seminars, passing exams, worrying about image, just making it.

But the behavior pattern of my fellow-students was a living reflection of the academic material we were expected to absorb. "My men" lived up to the expectations of past centuries as depicted in canonical sources and the contemporary *Code of Canon Law*, namely that the world was created for the male, that the Church was ruled by men, and that it was their duty to keep it that way.

In our eager but ever so meager attempts to persuade the Church to accept women into the priesthood, we are not willing to look reality in its face. The reality is that we are trying to reason with a part of a whole who are not even an average sample of the entire group. Men have their allegiances to other men; in addition to that handicap, priests have the distinction of being a highly selected sub-cultural group.

There is within the Catholic system a built-in mechanism which assures that the conservative personality will ascend the success ladder. An all-male world of the minor seminary selects those young men who in the estimation of their teacher-priests can best conform to the major seminary life; the major seminary selects those men who exhibit the ability to lead celibate lives in a parish milieu; from among parish priests a tiny group with administrative talents is chosen to work in the chancery; a minute group of these men are sent upstairs to work in the tribunal, and from among those few, ten a year nationwide (the present rate) are hand-picked to study canon law. The ultimate, potential power. The stepping stone to a bishopric. At each step there was a weeding out of those boys and men who were found to have a rebellious spirit and/or who exhibited an appreciation of women that would in the usual course of events lead to fatherhood of a different kind.

Although not all canonists succeed into the ultimate levels of legislative power, such as the papacy and general

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Church councils, most of the men in the position of bishops, cardinals and popes have been and are canonists. These are the men we must ultimately persuade to legislate in favor of the admission of women in the Church.

Canon lawyers would for still other reasons comprise our only hope for a legal change in the status of women. Thus, women might argue, "Why don't we take the same route as civil society? We have an ecclesiastical court system. We have lawyers, judges, appeal courts. Let's use them!" Unfortunately, our system of courts concerns itself exclusively with marriage cases (especially in the U.S.). The average canonist knows no other procedure but marriage cases. But most importantly, court functionaries are the end-product of the stringent selective process described above, and more than any other group among the clergy apt to be of a conservative nature. Our canonists comprise a group who are not selected and trained to lead: they are the cream of the crop of natural followers. Although there are of course free spirits among this group, group pressure within the profession is such that a man would think thrice before he would actively fight in behalf of women's rights by putting pressure on the world's bishops and Rome.

How To Go About It

Catholic women are in fact confronted with a system that affords them no immediate recourse whatsoever. At most we can hope that the occasional book on the subject of liberation, or the occasional article published will stir the individual heart or the collective conscience of influential groups such as the Canon Law Society of America. Over many, many years, if not generations, the wheels of change may begin to turn—slowly, slowly. But if we women want change now or even within the next hundred years, if we seriously make up our minds that we want rights for girls to be altar servers and ministers up to and including the papacy, we had better make up our minds on how much we are willing to sacrifice for it and how to go about it.

A very necessary first step is that Catholics become willing to give up the attitude that good Catholics do not confront their Church with severity. All too often, we attack the character of people in liberal movements by calling them unfaithful to the Church, or even traitorous. It is further one of our Catholic behavioral rules, encouraged by every cleric and sanctified even by law (canon 19), that the laity must treat the clergy with reverence (no converse requirement being mentioned). This is a noble and honorable principle in the face of logic, reason and justice, but it ties our hands when in fact the collective priesthood treats half the Church's membership with arrogance and outright discrimination. We must learn to engage our priests as responsible people, not as demi-gods. It is then essential that we pursue equal rights for women in an organized manner, and do so aggressively. If one advocates radical changes, how if not by picketing does one announce one's seriousness of intention? How if not by interrupting sexist sermons does one call attention to their negative influence? How can one influence a sheltered bishop if not by beleaguering the chancery? Obviously, none of such projects will be effective if only one person or a small band engages in them. Thousands must advocate change and, if they are refused credence, must engage in concrete actions in an organized fashion.

We do not even have to waste time and energies in building an organization. History is giving us religious orders. It is with American nuns that we find our greatest promise for a viable organization that could become the vanguard for change. We must be truthful and admit that religious orders still personify the general impotence of Catholic women as a group: nuns are still largely under the supervision of males, and unfortunately too many among them are at present still in the grip of a ghetto mentality in that they are too enchanted with their special calling. Too many nuns still subscribe to the idea that there are women "properly consecrated" for Church life and those who chose life "outside" the Church—wives, mothers, and unmarrieds—the end tail of a long historical phase during which women were divided into two separate camps. A by-product of this phase, however, is that despite some of the most insulting rules levied on females by the system, our nuns are a much privileged group among Catholic women in general. Thus they provoke far less consternation when mentioned as candidates for the deaconate or priesthood than when just women in general are mentioned. Every woman has had the experience that any priest will give more credence to the comments of a sweet novice of 19 than to the comments of a forty-year-old mother of eight.

Whatever the psycho-sociological reasons for their privileged position may be, the albeit tenuous bonds between religious and the clergy should be politically employed in behalf of the women's movement. American nuns could provide use with a heaven-sent organizational structure that could lead to the unification of all Catholic women. They offer the movement a vast pool of experience of self-reliance, experience in organizing, building and administration. Can laywomen overcome their mixed emotions toward this group and accept them as equals in a common fight or perhaps even as leaders? Can nuns learn to view laywomen as equals? If hundreds of years of conditioning have persuaded the laity to view nuns as slightly retarded angels, nuns have come to regard laypeople as blessed primitives in the Kingdom of God. As I told the 1972 national meeting of the Leadership Conference: "There is no Sisters' Liberation; there is only Women's Liberation."

American nuns must realize that their own future is tied up to the welfare of all women. At some point and soon it is to be hoped that they will extend a hand to

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their less privileged sisters and put at the disposal of the women's movement their vast system of communication: newspapers and newsletters, retreat houses, schools and convents. They are in fact holding in their hands the means by which we can bring the institutional Church to reason.

The Church is almost totally dependent on women for its sustenance. A universal boycott of women's labor and financial contributions would bring the structure to a grinding halt. No one would clean the churches; Sunday collections would result in a few dimes; chanceries would not see a single letter typed: seminarians would not be served meals; seminaries might even have to shut down their plants because mothers called their sons home. Such and similar projects could well be organized with an effective machinery.

When will we in the Catholic women's movement realize that as long as only a few advocate changes, they will remain objects of ridicule? When will we come to accept the fact that unlike civil society, we do not have established legal channels through which to present our demands? When will we realize the significance of the fact that we are not working with elected officials who are obliged to listen to their constituents' wishes? When will we understand the import of the fact that we are obliged to work through a leadership who are selected on the basis of their natural predisposition for the status quo?

The only credible Church of the future—be it tomorrow or in centuries ahead—is one that is fully representative of both sexes. Contemporary attitudes toward women, subscribed to and defended by its leadership from top to bottom are not even contemporary in that they date back to an alien European society of hundreds of years ago. With each year passing, our Church is falling further behind the general mainstream. The Church was not founded to follow but to lead! There is a limit to falling behind, namely obliteration.

Present efforts in behalf of the total integration of women in the Catholic Church rely almost solely on publishing or the making of speeches, but this is a slow process at most. The time has come when we must be willing to organize nationally, to criticize sharply, scold severely, and demand unwaveringly that the institutional Church update its views on half the human race, demand in fact that it grow up.

A PORTRAIT OF THE WOMAN AS A GIRL CATHOLIC

MARGARET LANGHANS LUSKEY

To be raised a Catholic Girl is to be raised in the eye of paradox

When I was ten, my younger brother became an altar boy. In the evenings, to aid him with his Latin responses, I played priest to his rather unsteady acolyte. I felt I was a natural: sonorous, deliberate of movement and grandiloquent. I knew I was just "playing" my priesthood, but even the mock power and mystery fascinated me. I don't remember being particularly upset that I couldn't be an altar boy, never having been even faintly interested in lesser roles. But I was disappointed and puzzled that I would be robbed of the pomp and power of the priesthood simply because I was a girl. I didn't consider that the rules governing admittance to Holy Orders could possibly be faulty or unfair. Obediently, I accepted the "natural law": masculinity implied privilege.

In what must be a classic case of sublimation, I consoled myself with visions of life as a Discalced Carmelite nun. There, I convinced myself, was mystery. Moreover, the deliberate abdication of all power, the cloistering of one's self behind monastery walls touched the mock-heroic in me. I could see it all: I would give up my life, my very will. I would embrace total passivity. The acceptance of that passivity, I had been taught, was strenuous activity. My powerlessness would be my power.

To be raised a Catholic Girl is to be raised in the eye of paradox. Intricate casuistries (such sleights-of-tongue) are as natural to the Catholic child as milk and air, weaned as she is on the distinctions and syllogisms of an elaborate theology. As much as it is anything else, Catholicism is a language, and, as such, forms, limits and directs the perceptions of the believer. Its very vocabulary, its plethora of subtle distinctions of meaning, its scrupulous attention to classification and category, affect the child raised in the culture as profoundly as any language affects its native speakers.

Because it is a highly metaphorical language, Catholic'sm is highly ambiguous, an element that clashes headlong with the rationalistic elements of its own somewhat obsessive "scholasticism." The outcome of such a clash

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is an attempt to see its own metaphors rationally, to push its poetry into syllogism, to make dogma and doctrine out of similes.

Perhaps in no aspect is Catholicism more ambiguous, and more uncomfortable with its own paradoxes, than in its conception and treatment of women. On one hand, the Church glorifies woman as Symbol. (Indeed, as Jung suggested, Mary has been apotheosized as the feminine aspect of the Godhead.) On the other hand, in actual practice, the Church implies that woman as specific person is inferior to man, unqualified for priestly powers. She is, somehow, person-as-body, linked emphatically to her role of wife and mother. Like most women, then, the Catholic girl is first aware of herself in terms of her physical role. However, precisely as Catholic, she is taught the burden of body, inferring without much difficulty that the Church is suspicious of hers. In fact, she learns quite early that the Church, for all its concern with her biological functions, recognizes women to the extent that they reject their bodies. As as example, consider a popular Daily Missal in constant use during the sixties, before the current parish missalettes took its place. In the St. Andrew Daily Missal, published in 1957, thirty-eight women were given feast days as saints in comparison with two hundred and seven men. Of the thirty-eight, thirty women were listed as Virgins, six as Widows, and one (Notorious Magdalene) as Penitent. Only one made it into the missal without reference to her sexual activity. It is not hard to deduce from such emphasis that womanly sanctity is in direct proportion to diminished sexuality.

The Church's attitude toward women is most clearly (and paradoxically) focused in the person of Mary. Held sacred for her maternity, she is a remarkably bodiless mother. She is Virgin and the Church goes to great lengths to emphasize this. (There is a fascinating passage in Aquinas arguing that Christ's birth did not interfere with the physical virginity of Mary. It is explained that as light passes through a translucent material, so Christ was born of Mary.)

Mary is the Church's exemplar of femininity. She is pedestaled and sung to as "Mother of God," "mirror of Justice," "Seat of Wisdom," "Queen of angels, patriarchs and prophets," and "Mediatrix of All Graces," an elaborate brokering job, one would imagine, for a simple Jewish girl. But, as every Catholic schoolchild knows, Mary's veneration is due to her submissiveness. Her virtues are patience, obedience, meekness and selflessness. Her response, echoing through Church history as the truly feminine reaction, is her "fiat," her "be it done unto me." In the Church's conception of femininity, Mary is the Ideal Woman. But the Church does not present her merely as a poetic ideal. Instead, the Church insists on a liberal interpretation of the poetic, presenting Mary not only as Ideal, but as Ideal-as-real. A young Catholic girl sees the Marian virtues as the essential feminine virtues. To be a true woman, she knows she must be patient, meek, submissive, and as bodiless as possible. Somehow a boy is not obliged to be another Christ in order to assure his masculinity—the extenuating circumstance being Christ's divine nature.

The Power of the Ideal

It may be difficult for someone not raised in the tradition to understand the power of the Ideal over the mind of a child. Granted, a sense of the heroic proportion of human life adds a nobility to daily living. However, given the tendency toward scrupulosity nurtured in childhood Catholicism, a constant focus on the Ideal promotes a sense of inferiority and guilt. In a sense, Catholic theology simultaneously magnifies and diminishes humanity. To appreciate this, one must understand that a Catholic child grows up with the belief that every human act is significant. In the best scholastic tradition, for example, I had been taught that by "natural law" man is made for union with God, his ultimate end. Therefore, all man's activities are "moral" acts, that is, directed either toward or away from that goal.

The ramifications of such theology are enormous; every act, even an outwardly petty one, is immortal, eternity-shaking. This, of course, is a tremendous sense of power for a young child to have to wield. Moreover, it is complicated by a paradoxical, counter-reflex in the Church, On one hand, human action is intensely significant; on the other hand, the Church teaches that the gulf between humanity and divinity is unbreachable, necessitating a mediator, Christ the god-man. Believing that Christ was as much divine as he was human, the Church constructed a framework of etiquette, assuring the proper reverence for the Sacred. Consequently, as a child I learned that as a significant human, I was capable of a most dire hubris; if I were not careful, I could profane the Sacred. And since I learned that I came closest to the Divine through the sacraments, I must be properly attentive to the rubrics surrounding those sacraments. Such responsibility led to fear and scrupulosity. A particularly vivid example from my own childhood may help clarify this.

When I was around nine, the Communion fast laws were very rigid, forbidding the consumption of any food or liquid (including water) from midnight until the taking of Communion in the morning. There was a practice in my parish school that the children attend the nine o'clock Sunday Mass. Early one Sunday as I waited to go to Church, I happened to moisten my finger in a drop of coffee remaining in a saucer on the kitchen table. Absentmindedly, I put my finger in my mouth, vaguely aware of the taste of the coffee. I remember my alarm as I realized the taste of the coffee meant I had broken the Communion fast. But the idea of not going to Communion with the other children was

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inconceivable. Surely they would think I had committed some horrible sin that prevented me from receiving Communion. (Hadn't I been taught, after all, that the honor of receiving the actual Body and Blood of Christ was so enormous that only grievous sin should keep me from participating in the Sacrament?)

My reputation was at stake; no one dare think I was in Mortal Sin. I received Communion that morning, and lived to regret it. Immediately after Mass, I realized that I had committed a "sacrilege." By breaking the fast law, I had profaned the Eucharist. Awe-struck, I swore to confess, but as the days passed I grew more afraid to verbalize what I had done. To make matters worse, I had gone to confession several times since the sin, and unable to get the damning words out, I had made a "faulty confession," by deliberately omitting to confess a serious sin. I was guilty, then, of profaning the Eucharist and the Sacrament of Penance.

I can still remember the anguish, the spiritual hell I went through, at nine years of age. Each night I would beg Mary to give me strength to clear my soul of such sin. Finally, I made a Solemn Vow (binding in conscience, alas, more danger) to cleanse myself once and for all. I chose the mildest priest at Saturday confessions, and in a burst explained what I had done. All I recall of his counsel was a simplified version of the concept of "paucity of matter." Rather than soothing me and trying to eradicate such scrupulosity, he explained that the drop of coffee (being so small) by necessity must have mingled with my saliva and that when I swallowed I was, in effect, swallowing my saliva and not a foreign liquid. Therefore, he assured me, I had not broken my fast.

I make this point to illustrate the strangle hold that scrupulosity had on me. Having chuckled over similar incidents with friends who were raised in Catholicism, I tend to believe that I was not a rarity. A traditional Catholic childhood teeters on scruples, swayed by a highly rationalistic, legalistic approach to spiritual dilemmas.

Considering the hypercritical conscience of the Catholic child, one can imagine the Catholic girl's painful realization of the distance between what she is and what she "should be." To make matters worse, her feminine Ideal was presented as secure and perpetual in her virtue. Mary never doubted, or fell, or showed any human weakness. Even Christ was seen in temptation, but Mary, like all examplars of feminine virtue, was static, beyond any sense of conversion or flux. (This is true outside the Church, as well. To wit, Ulysses' faithful Penelope, and Dante's perfect Beatrice.) The feminine, above all, is Constant and Faithful. The Feminine is "capitalized" Virtue, indicated by the very fact that we speak of "the Feminine" but not of "the Masculine." Feminine is Other. It is surrounded by mystery, placed on a pedestal, mantled in dogma.

To be raised as a Catholic girl is to be raised as much a metaphor as a person. Even in college, at a small Catholic women's liberal arts college, I sat through lectures on THE CATHOLIC WOMAN IN THE MODERN WORLD. Yet, rather than being encouraged to develop a sense of the self, we were exhorted to accept our responsibility as Image. Ours was a mission; we were Women, the Selfless Ones, the servers. Indeed, rather than seeing ourselves as second-class citizens, we were convinced we were superior to such concerns. We were givers, "yes-sayers" (borrowed from Molly Bloom). And, of course, a yes-yes is simply an up-to-date translation of a "fiat." Let it be done unto me, but in the modern idiom.

It is significant that the Church, having assumed feminine images in speaking of herself (Mother Church, Spouse of Christ) stands at this time in history with a confused sense of what she is. Like women, she can no longer define herself in terms of her traditional function. She is in flux. Having antagonized many of her sons, she is guilty of having slighted her daughters. She has bruised the beauty and strength of her own poetry by a stubborn insistence on literal, doctrinal interpretations. Like a proud, austere, even somewhat cantankerous old mother, she angers me despite my will to ignore her. She saddens me yet with her postures and pronouncements. But she raised me, gave me tongue and sang to me with her own songs. I can never forget her; I am of her still.

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ALMA ROBERTS GIORDAN

WIDOW

You, female cardinal, I can endure,
tan-mild in the poplar, with the wind
flirting your feathers back to betray
red-bonded affinity with the king.

Your berry-beak I can stand,
and that imperious tail-flick scattering
fresh-fallen snow, and your inimitable,
undeniable signal to carnival-mate.

But I can not abide his *answering*.
Oh, God, that wildfire swoop of his—
striped sunflower seed intact
to beak-feed perfectly capable you.

I doubt I can survive that crest
bristling protectively before you,
nor the tremors under his black mask.
you, smug in season, take for granted.

My diet has been stringent, I subsist
emotion-wise as well on bare essentials.
Depart my naked tree, compulsive creatures:
beauty nor love my heart asks, only quiet.

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ALL IN THE FAMILY

THE SCREEN

Serpico is going to be this year's *The French Connection,* making heaps of money (over $14,000 on opening day in New York alone) because it promises further revelations on the same subject. Like Eddie Egan in the earlier film, Serpico was a real New York cop, and like Egan he was a lone wolf who became almost obsessed with fighting crime. In a sense, in fact, the earlier film even implies the new one. For if Egan had to go it alone and make so titanic an effort to be an effective cop, then clearly the crime story that needs to be told is that of corruption and dereliction of duty within the police department itself. At one point in the new film Serpico (Al Pacino) muses to himself that crime could be controlled within a week were the time and energy put into collecting graft spent on police work instead. To this Eddie Egan would no doubt have said Amen.

Yet however much sympathy these two cops might have had for each other, director Sidney Lumet has seen Serpico's story rather differently from the way William Friedkin saw Egan's. In Friedkin's film the isolation Egan had to endure was that of never having a cop around when he needed one. Much of *The French Connection* consists of Egan's having to chase or tail drug dealers all by himself. It's no wonder he accidently shoots one of his own partners at the end: he's hardly seen enough of the guy to recognize him.

Friedkin played up this isolation of Egan's by emphasizing his remoteness from the criminals as well as his colleagues. The film's most memorable shot is one where the French connection lunches in an expensive restaurant while Egan, seen through the restaurant window, continues his solitary watch outside, gobbling pizza and dancing in place to keep warm. Serpico's isolation is of a more paradoxical sort for it is togetherness rather than loneliness that afflicts him. He can't get away from other cops. In a scene done early in the film he is reprimanded by a relative for not having attended a family get-together, and he complains that his father was a cop, his uncle is a cop, and he now suspects all the women in the family are cops too. But this private joke turns sour and public when he gives testimony on police corruption to a grand jury. Where Egan shoots another cop because he's mistaken the man's identity, Serpico is more likely to have other cops shoot him because they all know damn well who he is.

The sort of isolation that Egan endures just isn't Lumet's style, if Lumet can really be said to have a style. What *Serpico* shares with Lumet's other films isn't so much a cinematic style as an emotional situation. Lumet has made himself into the consummate film artist of what might be called, to borrow a phrase from theater critic Robert Brustein, "the domestic psycho drama." From *The Fugitive Kind* (1959) through *The Last of the Mobile Hot Shots* (1970), Lumet has specialized in volatile family relationships. Those two particular films deal with crazy Southerners, but Lumet's formula isn't geographically or socially limited. Borrowing phrases from theater critics seems an apt way to discuss Lumet because his favorite situation is a very theatrical one. In two instances— his adaptations of Arthur Miller's *View from the Bridge* and Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night* (both 1962)—Lumet has in fact imported his family brawls from the theater.

But Lumet's sense of family isn't limited just to blood relationships. His first film, *Twelve Angry Men* (1957), which dealt with the deliberations of a trial jury, is a prototype for the domestic squabbles he would portray in later films. The same is true of *The Hill* (1965), a story set in a military prison where both the inmates and the warders are the kind of soldiers whose only home has been the army. Under Lumet's direction even *The Group* (1966) cannot remain a mere group but becomes a sisterhood.

In *The Anderson Tapes* (1971) it looked as if Lumet might branch out into *policiers* and action films, but *Serpico* brings such plots back into the rancorous family circle again. The film begins with Serpico shot in the face and being driven to the hospital not in an ambulance, but in a police cruiser, the way someone the victim of violence in his own home might be driven in the family car. As the scene progresses, Serpico's mind drifts back to his graduation from the police academy, when his family thronged around to pose for pictures and half smother him with congratulations. It isn't long until the scene I mentioned a minute ago, where Serpico shows he has begun to tire of the overlap between his family and his career, but that ambiguity of cops and kin continues throughout the film.

When Lumet finally works his way back to the point when Serpico is shot just before the opening scene (the film is a bit too much like that old movie cliché in which a fighter's whole life flashes before his eyes as he goes down for the count), even the shooting is kept in the family. It climaxes a long period of ostracization by Serpico's fellow policemen because of the testimony he has given to the grand jury. It is a pusher who shoots Serpico, but Lumet never shows us the perpetrator at all. All we see is Serpico trying to break into the pusher's apartment, and his fellow policemen hanging back, refusing to cover him or come to his aid. Lumet thus keeps us mindful that the real conflict is strictly between him and them. Although the pusher's hand flashes onto the screen from the foreground for an instant, just long enough to pull the trigger, the point of view implicit in the direction of the scene is that Serpico's partners are really the ones who have shot him. They and they alone

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are to blame.

So Serpico's fate was not that different from Eddie Egan's after all. Serpico couldn't find a cop when he needed one either. In Lumet's film, however, the key scenes are not those of violence, but those of purely psychological confrontation, scenes in which loud arguments take place in small rooms, the sort of scenes which have always dominated Lumet's films. They dominate this film too, the shouting matches far outnumbering the shoot-outs.

Indeed Lumet seems able to conceive of the antagonists in his film as outsiders only when they are literally outside the dramatic action. Like the pusher who shoots Serpico, the real villains in the film are seen least when they are most in contention. For in most of the arguments in the film, Serpico is not arguing *with* corrupt cops but *about* them, and with those people who are closest to him—his girlfriend (Barbara Eda-Young), his only two allies on the force (Tony Roberts and John Randolph), and people from the D.A.'s office and the police command who are, ostensibly anyway, on his side. Judging from Lumet's past work, this is the only way he could have dealt with Serpico's story. It is the only way he knows to deal with any story. Whatever Lumet's limitations may be, though, they have been appropriate here. By keeping it all in the family he has at least done a relevant, coherent treatment of his subject.

COLIN A. WESTERBECK, JR.

PERSPECTIVES ON THE PRESIDENCY

JAMES MacGREGOR BURNS

The Living Presidency

EMMETT JOHN HUGHES

Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $10.50

The Imperial Presidency

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

Houghton Mifflin, $10

One of the minor tragedies of the Nixon Administration is that, with its assorted scandals, horrors and tight-rope teeterings, it will make any succeeding Administration seem positively dull. One of the major tragedies is that one-time boosters of strong Presidential power have turned against the Presidency as an institution on the basis of this one regime (and perhaps of the Lyndon Johnson) and would strip the Presidency of much of its authority as enthusiastically as they once wished to empower it. This "good guy-bad guy" approach to Presidential power is a long way from the spirit of the Framers of the Constitution, who understood that it was a *constitution* they were shaping and that a constitution must be founded not on the experience of one or two historical episodes but on long-run observation of the workings of human nature and the patterns of political behavior.

Both these books will help supply the perspective we Americans will need in the years ahead as we re-assess our failing political institutions. Drawn from wide sources, well documented and informed by his own wide experience as a White House aide and man of affairs, Hughes' book is perhaps the more conventional one. Thus he presents the standard picture of the President as often a lonely figure. "To all Presidents, this aloneness has commonly seemed the bleakest part of a Presidential life in which almost all association with other humans, even mere conversation, becomes tainted with the uncandid and devious—as each encounter threatens to betray some other person's selfish seeking, another faction's sly probing, or another nation's hostile designing." Since Presidents have created an intimate White House circle within the vast bureaucracy of the modern Presidential staff and lean heavily on that circle for psychological as well as substantive support, one wonders if the Hollywood conception of the lonely President grappling with his soul in the Rose Garden is still a valid one. But Hughes is willing to attack sacred cows. Political scientists who have been inveighing for twenty years or so against the concept of bipartisanship in foreign policy will enjoy reading the strictures of this former speechwriter for Eisenhower against the "anesthetizing appeal of bipartisanship" and the hoary old axiom that political conflict should end at the water's edge.

Hughes is at his best in evoking the subtleties and the mystery of the Presidency. He understands the difficulty of shaping institutions that can withstand the stabs of chance and change. And from his wide reading he has retrieved some of the forgotten comments by—and to—Presidents. He wondered, Sherwood Anderson wrote to Herbert Hoover during the depression, whether the President and the captains of industry and finance had become too much separated from the actuality of life. "Everything has been very highly organized and centralized in America. Perhaps you have been organized and centralized out of our common lives."

Doubtless it was to be expected that Arthur Schlesinger the historian would turn a mordant eye on the shibboleths of American historiography, and especially on the alleged precedents that have been used to defend the sweeping use of Presidential authority. And he does. Looking into "what actually

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happened" in history instead of the blandly accepted version of it, he notes that the Louisiana Purchase, which was later cited as a case of unilateral Presidential action taken independently of Congress, was in fact a decision in which Congress was very much involved. He notes (on the basis of research actually conducted by a group of lawyers at Columbia Law School) that the great bulk of the early Presidential military interventions that have been used as precedents for epochal Presidential interventions in the 20th Century were actually rather trivial naval operations against obstreperous pirates and pesky natives. He investigates the precedents for impoundment and discovers that the most minor Presidential impoundment in earlier years has been used to justify not only Nixon's massive impoundments of funds but his effort to impound *policy*, as in his blithe decision in effect not to enforce Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. With Schlesinger there is a grand clearing of historical air on such matters.

Less to be expected was Schlesinger's concern for the legal and institutional aspects of the Presidency. For years there has been an accomplished political scientist struggling to emerge from the shadow of Schlesinger the eminent historian, and the former has done so in this book. He not only presents skillfully the interplay of President, Congress and the courts over the years, and the pendulum shifts of power among these institutions, but he dwells wryly and lovingly on the shifts in attitudes toward the Presidency on the part of many of us scholars, including himself. In a series of trenchant chapters on the Presidency resurgent (World War II), ascendant (Korea), and rampant (Vietnam), culminating in the revolutionary President (Nixon), he demonstrates that Nixon's Administration is not simply a perversion of the Presidency but is a culmination of tendencies toward Presidential usurpation, especially in war-making, that have long been evident in this century.

Both books in the end, however, warn against letting the pendulum swing too far against Presidential power; both offer proposals for moderate reform. Hughes favors Congressional control of selective service; a formal Presidential-Congressional joint consideration of major foreign policy decisions; White House submission to the Congress of the substance of any proposed executive agreement of a military nature; restoration of the role of the State Department. Schlesinger advocates reducing the size and power of the White House staff and restoring the prestige of the executive departments; strengthening the Cabinet, mainly by appointing strong and independent men to it; a decline in reverence for the Presidency; and perhaps greater Presidential control over taxing and spending, within limits set by Congress. Both authors oppose a one-shot, six-year term for the President; both oppose major institutional changes, such as some form of parliamentary government.

My main reservation about both books is what they do not cover. Both focus on the institution of the Presidency itself, historically and currently; but neither does full justice to the possibility of altering the political context in which the President operates, nor to the problems and opportunities of the huge White House staff. The two authors agree that the President cannot be "taken out of politics"; the question is, what kind of politics should the President be "in."

One answer to this question turns on the way we choose Presidents. More and more, Presidential nominees tend to be those who were victors in Presidential primaries, with the conventions merely ratifying the popular choice; and despite the distortions (and continuing riskiness) of the electoral college process, the successful candidate is essentially the product of direct election by the voters. To win office a serious Presidential contender organizes his own following within or across party lines; broadens this personal support through frenzied campaigning over the years; and comes into the White House as the successful leader of a heavily personalized constituency. No major party or other political institution mediates independently between him and his rootless, mobile following. No wonder that Nixon could all but ignore the organizational claims of the Republican party; here again his Administration represents a culmination as well as an aberration of past Presidential practice. One wonders how different things might have been for Nixon in 1972 if there had been a group of Republican leaders in Washington with enough political clout and autonomy to challenge the President's flouting of his party and to insist that White House personnel not be allowed to indulge in the kind of campaigning practice that would cast a shadow on the Republican party for years to come.

In this respect changes may be in the offing. Already Republican leaders in Washington are establishing a direction and image of their party separate from the Nixon White House; and I predict that one of the most interesting political developments in the next decade will be the resurgence of a Republicanism that refurbishes the party image and redirects the party away from the Watergate perversions. And the Democratic party, through its recently established Charter Commission, has an unparalleled opportunity to strengthen the party organization at every level and to build party institutions in Washington that could steady and stabilize Democratic Presidencies and anticipate and prevent Democratic Watergates.

If external restraints on the Presidency are stiffened, should internal checks and balances be strengthened too? Neither author has much sympathy for some of the gimmicks that have been proposed (not for the first time) to contain the President. Establishing a collegial Presidency with a multi-headed directorate and rotating chairman, or electing five or ten Vice-Presidents to "share the President's

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burden," would pulverize Presidential leadership and erode constitutional responsibility. Setting up a joint cabinet of President, cabinet members, and Congressional leaders would be a paper construction that could not contain the thrust of Presidential power in times of emergency. Far more promising are the proposals for "multiple advocacy" that Alexander George and others have offered. They would establish in the President's inner circle "nay-sayers" who would have the intellectual gumption and political base to speak up against the crowd mind that surrounds the President. The problem is how to institutionalize multiple advocacy. Originally it was thought that agencies such as the Council of Economic Advisers might serve as an independent source of advice to the President, but Presidential government quickly brought the Council into its orbit as it did the Cabinet, the Vice-Presidency and sections of the press and academe. It may be that the nay-sayers cannot be institutionalized, but that the record of the Nixon regime, with its rigid hierarchy, acquiescent staff and utter expediency, will serve as a vivid warning to Presidents for years to come. The burden of responsibility will lie on future Presidents, each in his own way, sometimes to make an intellectual mess of things, not a mesh of things, in the policy-making apparatus of the White House.

Such, at least, are some of the questions that will confront us as we consider the lessons of Watergate scandals and of the disintegrating Nixon regime. Both these books will help in assessing what should be saved in the system as well as what should be scrapped. The test will be whether we wreak vengeance simply on Nixon the man or on the systemic failings that ultimately are responsible for Watergate. We should not of course, use institutional reform as a means of evading our responsibility for doing something about Nixon the President. Schlesinger reminds us of the availability of impeachment as the ultimate weapon; and one great advantage or side-effect of impeaching Nixon (whether or not he should be convicted and removed) would be to educate the people as to the techniques and advantages of this procedure, so that it could be restored to the place that the Framers of the Constitution reserved for it.

I must confess that I have had a repugnance for some time to the idea that Richard Nixon would be presiding over the nation during its bicentennial. But I have had an almost equal distaste for the idea that anyone short of the greatness of a Washington, Jefferson, or Lincoln would be presiding in 1976. I can think of no better way to celebrate the bicentennial than to make it the focal point in attacking the institutions and procedures that produce Watergates. Can we make it an occasion not for bland self-congratulation but for rebelling against the sources of mediocrity and corruption in government? After all, it will be a *revolution* we will be celebrating.

BOOKS

Growing up Catholic and Growing up catholic

JOHN DRUSKA

Aphrodite at Mid-Century
CARYL RIVERS
Doubleday, $6.95

Blood Dues
DOTSON RADER
Knopf, $6.95

Caryl Rivers' and Dotson Rader's memoirs—hers of a peculiarly female-Catholic girlhood at "mid-century" and his of a violent psychic growth through, and partial disaffection from, the theories and tactics of the New Left in the 1960s and 70s—recall me to times and places I have lived through. The authors force me back into memory for some purchase, whatever might allow me perspective to appreciate their own holds on the last two decades. Their scenarios impinge on my own; I remember occurrences and discoveries similar to the ones they record, and I conceive of myself as playing bit parts in the shadows of their accounts. I find the need to gauge, relative to my memory and my perceptions of it, whether they deserve their self-assigned stardom.

A novelist engages our sympathies for certain characters as we come to know them in their circumstances. The shape he gives the novel, in order to direct our sympathies, lends credibility to the story, achieves for it reality, and accounts for the well-known fact that fiction is more believable than fact. It seems to me that the autobiographer succeeds in his work insofar as he contrives to convince us that his experiences approximate the shape of fiction and so causes us to engage our sympathies and/or antipathies in his story. And this probably becomes more difficult to do whenever one's readers share in the space and time zones of one's history, when a writer's account is liable to be regarded as one of several possible versions of events, and perhaps one not worth the telling.

Caryl Rivers' *Aphrodite at Mid-Century* doesn't work for me in more than a pedestrian, sometimes faintly amusing fashion. Although my life runs closer to hers than to Rader's—a child-

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hood hallowed by the neighborhood movies, a Catholic education, the discovery of PR- and peer-group-sham amid the pseudo-decorum of an elitist D.C. campus—I find myself when replaced in the 50s with her (and in my case part of the 60s) unattracted to her account of the way it happened. I think *Aphrodite* could be pared to a couple of decent, modishly nostalgic articles; instead Rivers belabors her material, usually by means of broad strokes and banal prose. Her metaphors died long before mid-century: there are "storms of the adult world," for example, which the child perceives dimly, "much as a cod in the half-light of ocean deep might sense an April gale." She smacks the obvious targets—naive nuns, mindless husband-hunters, male-chauvinist midshipmen and glamour magazines—but never with a subtlety much beyond the easiest caricature, seldom with enough allowance for human complexity inside the roles, a recognition that seems to me essential for the perceptive writer and one that Rader is capable of making even, he recalls, while he had been advocating violent revolution and even in the pitiful case of Dick Nixon. Caricature is okay, and fine when the precision of its details warrants its creation, but in *Aphrodite* the sketches wear quickly and after I tire of them there's nothing else Rivers has put into her story to sustain a vision of mid-century.

Rivers treats herself in the same uninspired manner. She tosses in a limp scene of her own deflowering ("It was time to become a woman. The ingredients were there. The spirit and the flesh were willing . . .") but never, here or in the mock-Hollywood passion scene that follows, or anywhere else, earns the irony of her actions and words. Her irony appears imposed and announced as afterthought; it doesn't derive from a precise enough sense of herself as actor and narrator, each role allowed its authentic life, both seen as detached from each other, and as intersecting on occasion, finally merging. She writes with a kind of retrospective condescension toward her past, as if it's existed to serve her present only and as if it's a closed case by virtue of her success as a woman and a journalist. She never accurately defines the terms of her reminiscence. Why show us this sort of sentimental inventory of her life—the Peter-showing club, the virtues of her adolescent awkwardness, the pat elegiac ending on the mystical sense of her Catholic past that she cherishes? It's all right, but there must be more to it. Rivers doesn't make me care about what's there. She says nothing a lot of people couldn't tell me with less verbiage and more wit. She doesn't let herself live in her past apart from the cosmetic irony of her current sophistication. I know she's grown up, but she insists upon it too much, instead of giving me a feel for how it happened.

In *Blood Dues* Dotson Rader does manage to show me part of his life with a sense of sympathetic and ironic detachment that lets him look to his past in order to understand and reveal the locus of his present quandary—the clash that has occured in his mind between an impulse to enact violent social upheaval, this greatly fostered, he admits, by his sense of sexual inadequacy, and an impulse to create literature responsible to no leftist dogma. The factioning of the New Left in the late 60s and the self-destruction of some of Rader's friends exacerbated the conflict in himself and moved him toward his crash into alcohol and drugs. Rader writes as a survivor of that crash and he appears unsparing in his self-analysis. But once he explains his condition and motivation at the start, and sets out to show how he arrived at them, his book becomes less a personal psychological probe—though Rader's self-examination remains at the center of it—than a record of the people and events that made him feel the way he does now. Rader's experience turns into a reflector for the evolution of the New Left, the actions of its constituency and of the celebrities who at times gravitated about it—Norman Mailer, Tennessee Williams, Paul Goodman.

What makes Rader's account possible, and makes it succeed, seems a curious anomaly with respect to any stereotype of the radical imagination. Rader kept alive, even during the period when his impulse to violence was strongest, and he consciously retains now, a sense of the need for social conventions (in terms of his psyche some type of marriage high among them), and of the naiveté in rejecting outright conventions "which were (our) nature." His sensitivity to the irony of alterations in his life, and his ability to depict these changes with intimacy and detachment are symptomatic of this recognition, and others like it which suggest that Rader views his experience with a perspicacity come of more than his present needs and personal biases. Similarly his dramatization of himself implies a faith in literary convention, in perceiving the fictive, formal nature of experience (despite the fragmentary nature of personal experience), amoral except in its own terms, free of dogma left or right. Rader appears to believe that convention can liberate, by ritualizing, one's individuality. And such an attitude toward convention suggests a deeper awareness than stereotype of what relates men to each other.

It is simply because Rader trusts in the nuances of his experience and others', in their truth when seen from the same perspective in which we would view novelistic elements, that I can excuse him his excessive Maileresque posturing, underscored by an anecdote of his bantering with Mailer about their "reps," and the awkward bathos, the hard-guy sentimentality, it sometimes causes: "Foxlike and hunted men. Hell, I was not a revolutionary. I had not the guts, even though I ached to see the spark, the flash that, for one pulse beat, let the land leap fishlike from the net of dark."

Even at its worst Rader's book preserves the detail of fascinating gossip, while Rivers' more often resembles idle chatter. And at its best *Blood Dues* reveals that Rader knows how words *are* made flesh, that he manages to invest the spirit of the religion in which Rivers was raised, while she only pays lip-service to her faith as realized in literature.

It's a curious thing for me. I lived through a lot of Rivers' experiences,

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from a male point-of-view and a few rungs down on the trite old social ladder. And I avoided Rader's situation by skirting the political conflicts of his past. Growing from a west side Chicago neighborhood, from the certainties of church, corner candy store and geography on a Lilliputian scale, I went East in time to see the portico of the White House draped in mourning and to watch with an ethnic reserve, a gradual tolerance, and an introverted assent the growth of the anti-war movement. I translated my own commitment to whatever forces wished to oppose the brashness of American power, and to heal its self-mutilation, into an urge to write —to keep the shape of words safe from rhetorical trashing—and an urge to teach whoever wished to learn a sense of wonder at whatever deserves it and a sense of irony. I thought I could work things out for myself more or less with*in, as they say, the* Establishment. Yet Rader's book moves me more, I feel closer to his experience than to Rivers'. I'd like to think that greater familiarity with the data of his experience wouldn't reduce my appreciation of his work. I don't think content is the issue. But somehow the way I perceive the content of my experience connects with Rader's technique, with his implied respect for the literary conventions of character and narrative, as opposed to Rivers' easy-kill and overkill approach.

I think the city, where I lived in the company of some of the people Rader felt compelled to join and move toward revolution, taught me catholicity and its forms in its best sense. I don't think it's anything Rivers learned growing up Catholic in Silver Spring, Maryland. And what she did learn is never localized enough—in my terms fictionalized —in *Aphrodite* to let us perceive its truth. She makes nothing eventful in its own right. While Rader's experience and that of his friends and enemies in the New Left create events, the shapes of conflicts and of characters meeting their several ends, told with an irony that makes their importance—personal and social—manifest.

Maybe the natural fiction of truth in these events is what drew artists like Williams and the authentic prophet Paul Goodman to the people and activities of the New Left, and certainly the refusal of many radical youths to accept some of the conventions of learning, and of literature, frustrated Goodman in his proselytization of them. *Blood Dues* is conventional. However precious it gets at times, however quickly Rader's crash near the end resolves itself, the book does tell a story that makes us pay attention to its words. Both *Aphrodite at Mid-Century* and *Blood Dues* forced me back into my own memory; but only Rader's book made the trip worthwhile.

The Anonymous Lover

JOHN LOGAN

Liveright, $5.95

Studies for an Actress and Other Poems

JEAN GARRIGUE

Macmillan, $6.95

CLAIRE HAHN

Reviewing poetry can, in a sense, be an impertinence. The poet's act is to shape his experience in words, to give form to the inchoate material which impinges on his consciousness. For the critic to pretend to knowledge of rigid aesthetic rules to which the poet must submit that experience, is mere arrogance. To sniff disdainfully at the poet's response to the world is silly. But the critic can explore, once his sensibility has resonated in absolute pitch to an authentic poem, the route of the poem to that goal.

This preliminary rumination is an attempt to explain to myself what was going on behind my very different reactions to two poets who cannot be faulted for technical excellence: Jean Garrigue and John Logan.

Both have established reputations as poets. Their new volumes demonstrate consummate artistic skill. But many of Jean Garrigue's poems are so moving in their bitter-sweet elegance that my interior tuning fork hummed to their sometimes painful beauty.

I experienced few vibrations from John Logan's new poems although I found much to admire. Why?

In *Studies for an Actress and Other Poems*, Jean Garrigue sets the theme for her volume in the title poem. She imagines the experience of Galina Vishnevskaya singing in Dubrovnick and so discovers the nature and quality of aesthetic knowledge. Galina is "under instruction from the strangest powers"; she "knows and does not know." She prays to be "condensed now to one desire/ As if it were very life performing her."

The symbiotic relationship between the artist and reality is the key for Jean Garrigue to the dynamism at the heart of life. If it is lost "The light is out, all is inert and stony,/ What's loved is not known one loves." Such knowledge can be shared only analogically and each of Garrigue's subsequent poems explores from the

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ground of her being images for meaning in the contemporary world.

Garrigue ranges in her places of encounter from the nearly despairing "The Giralda," a colossal statue symbolizing faith on the tower of the Cathedral of Seville, to "Grenoble Cafe," to "Resistance Meeting: Boston Common." Her characteristic poems are long (although she writes a few short and poignant lyrics) and ratiocinative but illuminated with meticulously controlled metaphor. Garrigue also writes for the ear. The exquisite melody of her verse counterpoints the simple exposition of such a poem as "On Reading the Country of the Pointed Firs."

Jean Garrigue's achievement in *Studies for an Actress* is considerable. She does, as she says, "entertain the contradictions." She makes an art

Of wedding opposites that hate
And yet so attract
Impossible declare
Nothing that is not possible.

Her death in 1972 was a loss for American poetry.

John Logan has written, and still writes, fine poetry. His "Three Poems on Aaron Siskind's Photographs" move in imagery and rhythm under the sure control of an artist's authority. The other poems in this slim volume made me, an old admirer of Logan's, ill at ease. They are "confessional" poems but without the fierce energy that is characteristic of this new poetic mode. John Berryman's *Love and Fame* poems, for instance, may lack the formal control Logan evinces, but Berryman's *agon* creates its own form. Berryman rambles and rages like a mad Lear; Logan cries like Coriolanus in Volumnia's lap. The acetylene torch of Sylvia Plath's anger burns away the dross of her themes. The personal suffering in Logan's poems remains embarrassingly close. As Yeats would have it, what he offers is "unpurged images of day."

One can only hope that these "new poems' of Logan's are also transitional poems. "Only the Dreamer Can Change the Dream" suggests that Logan can bridge the gap between the unfiltered personal and the too-distanced romantic. This intense poem moves to a kind of mythic image in its concluding lines. John Logan's undeniable talent is visible beneath his new mask.

A Passion for Truth

ABRAHAM JOSHUA HESCHEL

Farrar, Straus, $8.95

JACK RIEMER

It is very hard to review this book objectively for one is constantly aware as he turns its pages that this was Abraham Joshua Heschel's last book, and that we will have no more from his pen. The power and the passion of this book only serve to heighten our grief and to make us realize how great and how irreplacable was the treasure we have lost. In the words of the Talmud: *"Haval al d'avdin vilo mishtacchin"*—Alas for those who are gone and cannot be replaced!

Dr. Heschel lived with this book in his heart and on his mind for a great many years. He wrote it in several forms and in several languages, he gave parts of it as lectures before many audiences, he nurtured it, revised it, and returned to it at many different stages in his life, and finally he finished it and sent it off to the publisher on the very day before he died. It is in many ways a summary of how he lived and what he stood for.

This book should be read on three levels. At one level it is a work of scholarship, at another it is an essay in comparative culture, and at the third and deepest level it is a personal statement, an effort at religious autobiography. Let me just say a brief word about each level.

At its simplest level this book is the biography of Rabbi Menachem Mendl of Kotsk, the founder of a school within Hassidism who lived more than a century ago. Dr. Heschel was uniquely qualified to write this kind of a work because he had deep and firsthand knowledge of the world of Hassidism. He not only knew its books and manuscripts, he knew its spirit, for he was a descendant on both sides of famous Hassidic dynasties, and he absorbed many of its insights and values in his childhood. He possessed an oral tradition that has never been written down. Therefore he was able to bring together hundreds of comments and commentaries from, and about, the school of Rabbi Menachem Mendl from all across the spectrum of Hassidic literature and weave them together into this spiritual autobiography. He takes this strange, storm-tossed, enigmatic, mysterious man from out of the last century, cuts away the legends, the distortions, and the myths that have grown up around his name, and makes him live before our eyes. Even though he wears his scholarship lightly and does not bother to footnote and document every sentence as he could have, this is a work of solid scholarship and it has to be appreciated first as that.

At the second level this is an essay in comparative culture. Dr. Heschel was fascinated by the similarities and the differences between this Polish Rabbi and his contemporary on the other side of Europe, the Danish theologian, Soren Kierkegaard. These two men never met, and if they had they would have had no language to share and their frames of reference were totally different. And yet there was a certain affinity of spirit between them which Dr. Heschel recognized and understood.

To the disciples of Kierkegaard it may seem impudent to seek parallels between the world-famous existentialist and some obscure rabbi, and to the followers of Rabbi Menachem Mendl it may seem blasphemous to compare his thoughts with those of some Christian, and yet Dr. Heschel proves that there was a certain spiritual kinship between these two. Theologically they were worlds apart but spiritually they shared the same situation and the same concerns. They were both horrified by glibness and offended by establishment religion, and they were both constantly in search of and in flight from the ever living God. Both believed that alienation from the ordi-

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nary world was the pride of piety and both had contempt for self-centeredness. Both strove to achieve and demanded of others a level of spiritual being that ordinary men could not comprehend. Both ended up as lonely, isolated, angry men but it is only through their kind of stubborn uncompromising zeal and impatience that religious reformations ever take place. There are worlds of differences between them: in creed, in language, and in style, but they both stood for that rarest and hardest to achieve of all values: pure and total honesty, and it is this which unites them.

There are a great many scholars who know the works of Kierkegaard but who have never even heard of Kotsk, and there are some who knew the writings of the school of Kotsk but have never heard of Kierkegaard. It was Dr. Heschel's rare gift to be a master of both literatures and to be able to bring them together for comparison and for contrast so well. To borrow C. P. Snow's term, this book is the achievement of a man who was at home "in two cultures," and it should be appreciated as that.

But at the third and deepest level this book is more than schalarship and more than an exercise in comparative culture. It is essentially spiritual autobiography, disguised as research. For all his life Dr. Heschel was haunted by these two parts of his Hassidic heritage. Part of him was drawn to his ancestor, the Baal Shem, who represented love of the simple man, compassion for the ordinary Jew, and care and concern for all the creatures that God has made. And another part of him was drawn towards the austere figure of the Kotsker, who stood for strict truth, for uncompromising honesty, for hatred of cant, and for horror at the amount of evil and self-deception that even good men are capable of. As he puts it in the introduction to this book:

"In a very strange way I found my soul at home with the Baal Shem but driven by the Kotsker. The one taught me song, the other silence. The one reminded me that there could be a Heaven on earth, the other shocked me into discovering Hell in the alleged Heavenly places in our world. The Baal Shem dwelled in my life like a lamp, while the Kotsker struck like lightning. The Baal Shem gave me wings; the Kotsker encircled me with chains. I never had the courage to break the chains, and so I entered into joys with my shortcomings in mind. I owe intoxication to the Baal Shem, to the Kotsker the blessings of humiliation."

This is a remarkable passage for we have very few self-disclosures like it in Dr. Heschel's writings. He was not given to baring his soul in public or to making autobiographical comments very often, and this one helps us understand the tension within his soul with which he lived all his days.

On the one hand he lived with ecstacy. He knew a song that celebrated the holiness of life and the joy of being Jewish. He was part of a people that was betrothed to the Creator of heaven and earth and so his life was filled with purpose, zest, and joy. But at the same time he lived with grief. He had seen his world go up in flames, he knew first-hand the fragility of Western civilization and man's immense capacity for evil and for self-deception, and he knew how widespread and how highly placed wickedness was and how devious and how adroit were its disguises. He knew that there was corruption even within the holy and that there was callousness even within the supposedly pious. And so he lived all his life in a polarity, to use one of his favorite words, a polarity between joy and anger, between wonder and horror, between love and grief, between trying to salvage the potential sparks of goodness that were hidden within the dross, and trying to ferret out the sparks of evil that lay disguised within the good.

May we who were his students continue to live within that tension and may we be guided by the light of his example.

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REVIEWERS

JOHN DRUSKA is on a poetry fellowship at the University of Cincinnati.

CLAIRE HAHN is an assistant professor of English at Fordham University.

RABBI JACK RIEMER, one of Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel's students, here commemorates the first-year anniversary of his teacher's death.

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Michael Novak (Cont.)

for programs, for cultural expression.

I do not know what the new vision is. But I do know that the search for such a new vision is worldwide, and not solely a phenomenon of life in the United States. The way of life based on bureaucratic, rootless, "rational" consciousness becomes increasingly dissatisfying and divisive. Peoples everywhere manifest a *cultural* hunger, a longing for contact with *roots*, a de-

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sire to *be themselves*. The entire planet requires a model of diversity that is not divisive; a creative and cooperative diversity.

The myths of "melting pot," "mosaic," and "stew" will not do, neither for the world as a whole nor for the United States. All around the world, in virtually every nation, an elite has grown up that has more in common with elites from other nations than with its own people. At international congresses of scientists, experts, technocrats, planners, and bureaucrats, a new kind of "world culture" is developing. Some there are who applaud this "universalism." Others of us see this development as the greatest threat of totalitarian control the cultures of the planet have ever faced.

The new ethnicity holds that the hidden, repressed cultures of the Italians, the Slavs, the Irish, the Jews and other American minorities have greater spiritual and humane resources than the myth of the melting pot ever allowed to become influential in American life. Not everything the immigrants brought with them is good. Some achievements of British-American culture they have learned to love and to make their own. There is no way we can go back to being like our grandfathers, and no one wishes to.

But creative juices are stirring. The American experiment is too precious to be abandoned with the abandonment of the British-American myth of "Americanization." We seek a new national story, incorporating within it the sense of tragedy, the distrust of mere politics, the sense of family and neighborhood cooperation, the emphasis on smallness, that world events once more require of us if this planet is to survive.

The new ethnicity holds that *human* factors must take precedence in planning and programs over mere efficiency and abstract rationality. The country that "wasn't there" in the past will have to be created and put there in the agenda of the next one hundred years. That is a project on which persons of all ethnic backgrounds can cooperate.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 355)

doubt, is being deprived of the fruits of *his* wild oats. What a sad, long way we have to go in our so-called "respect for life."

KARLINE K. TIERNEY

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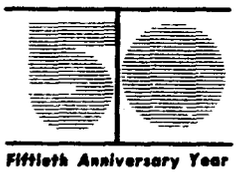

This New Year *Commonweal* will make especially rewarding reading. For example, articles by such authors as Peter Hebblethwaite, Richard J. Neuhaus, Gregory Baum, Bruce Cook, Michael Klare and Rosemary Haughton are scheduled for coming weeks. Alongside will be the magazine's interpretive comment on current political, religious and cultural issues that is so highly regarded.

Church and World

In 1974, its 50th Anniversary Year, *Commonweal* continues to manifest its conviction that religion matters. We believe that present-day Christianity has much to contribute in a technically oriented if ecologically threatened world—that to be true to its calling the church must concern itself intently with the well-being of man and society.

The Arts

Commonweal in '74 will also be most welcome for its constant focus on cultural matters, its illuminating comment on plays, movies and current books—evaluations that so often point the way to subscribers' further enjoyment. This is due to the good judgment and persuasive writing of such typical authors and reviewers as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Frank Getlein, Saul Maloff, Mark Taylor, Nora Magid, Ronald Christ, Louis Dupré, Wilson Carey McWilliams, Gerald Weales, Colin Westerbeck, Jr., Arthur A. Cohen, Michael Novak, James Finn, Sallie TeSelle, Leonard Kriegel, Martin Marty, Richard P. McBrien, Anne Fremantle, Avery Dulles, Eugene C. Kennedy, Maisie Ward, James MacGregor Burns, Daniel Aaron, Kenneth Davis and Doris Grumbach. This portion of *Commonweal* alone, makes it worthwhile to subscribe this New Year.

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